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ORIGINAL TALES.

THE SEXTON OF ST. HUBERT'S.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

It was a fierce and stormy night. The wind howled around the houses of K—, and wherever a shutter had lost its fastening, it flapped to and fro with a frequent and alarming sound. The rain, too, descended in torrents and flooded the streets of the village, while ever and anon heavy peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning increased the terrour of the night. In the house of Farmer Ellis a few persons were assembled to witness the bridal of the sexton of St. Hubert's. The bridegroom was as one excited by wine, for there was a wild radiance in his eyes and an unwonted smile upon his lips, and he occasionally gave utterance to some jest, and when it failed of producing the expected mirth, his own laugh sounded hollow and strange. The bride, too, so pearly pale, in her white dress, with white roses in her hair, seemed like the bride of Corinth in the German tale. A few of the guests huddled anxiously together, whispered among themselves, "it is a churchyard bridal."

Still the cake and wine went round, and the strange laugh of the bridegroom was more frequent. The night wore on, and the arrival of the clergyman was prolonged far beyond the expected time. At length he came, and the ceremony was about to take place when the bride suddenly sunk in the arms of her companions. They raised her and applied the usual remedies resorted to in cases of fainting, but the vital spark itself had fled.

In the depth of a stormy night the sexton of St. Hubert's sought the queen of the gipsies. He was mounted on an active horse, and accompanied by the sheriff of the county and a few resolute men, well mounted and armed to the teeth. As he approached the river which bounded the gipsy camp upon one side, the sexton looked in vain for a guiding light—no fires blazed upon the green, no hidden glare was reflected in the mirror of the stream. Still he spurred on his horse, and followed hard by his companions, gallantly forded the stream and crossed the open meadows. The tents had all been struck and no sound was heard in that deserted place, except the rushing of the boisterous wind and the tinkling of the rain-drops as they fell upon the river. The parties reined up their horses, and the sexton and the sheriff held a brief conference together. While they were yet conversing, a broad and brilliant blaze shot up from the centre of the forest, illuminating a wide and well-trodden path which led directly to the light. The first flash of radiance dazzled the eyes of the horsemen, but when they became accustomed to the glare, they beheld distinctly several wild forms lounging around the fire, evidently unconscious of the approach of danger.

"Now is our time, my lads," said the sheriff, in a low tone. "Forward! and we shall have them all."

Every rowel was instantly employed, and the party pushed forward at a gallop. Bowing their heads to avoid the swaying branches, they bent over their horse's necks, in the intense ardour of pursuit. The sheriff and the sexton rode side by side and had nearly attained their object, when their horses fell suddenly and threw them to the ground with violence. In fine, the whole party had stumbled upon pitfalls dug for them, and not a horseman of the troop escaped an overthrow. While they were rolling on the ground, entangled in the stirrups, and receiving several injuries from the struggling horses, a shrill cry arose from the depth of the woods, and a dozen stout ruffians set upon them, seized, and pinioned them. The sexton and the sheriff were conducted by two of the gang to the presence of the gipsy queen, who sat upon a rude form raised upon the trunk of a huge oak, and sheltered by an ample awning of oiled cloth. The sheriff's followers were borne away in another direction. The wild woman and her wilder attendants were perfectly distinct in the ruddy firelight, though the whole scene had, to the eyes of the victims, the appearance of a vision of night.

"Well, sirs," said the queen, "you came to see us and you have found us. Have you not some message for us? You myrmidon of the law, have you no greeting for the queen of the gipsies?"

The sheriff looked at the queen and then at her attendants. They were fierce-looking, unshorn fellows, with butcher's knives stuck in their rope-girdles, and seemed but to await a nod from her tawny majesty to employ their formidable weapons.

"Have you nothing for us!" asked the dark lady.

"Nothing;" said the sheriff, faintly.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the wrinkled crone. "The man of law is forgetful. You, Dommerar, search him and see if he speaks the truth."

A sandy-haired little fellow advanced at the summons and rifled the pockets of the sheriff with a dexterity which proved him an adept in the business. A teacher of musick would have envied his fingering. Having caused the pockets of the sheriff to disgorge, he thus, in the canting language, enumerated their contents:

"The *moabite's ribbin runs thin*, (the sheriff's cash runs low.) He has no *mint*, (gold,) and only a *mopus* or two."

"Fool!" said the queen, "has he no paper?"

"Ay, ay, missus, here's his *fiddle*," (writ,) was the answer.

"Give it me," cried the queen. "Here, you Patrico! our eyes are bad. Read this scrawl and acquaint us with the contents."

The patrico, or hedge-priest, a fellow in a rusty black suit, with a beard of three week's growth, bleared eyes and a red bardolph nose, took the writ, which he had more difficulty in reading than Tony Lumpkin when he received the letter of Hastings. At first he held it upside down, then reversed it, looking at it at arm's length, and then gave it a closer scrutiny. He finally gave it as his opinion that it empowered the *queer-cuffin* (so he termed the sheriff) to seize upon the so-called queen of the gipsies, accused of the crime of murder, and also to apprehend her followers. When he had concluded, the old crone snatched the writ from his hand, and tearing it to pieces, flung the fragments into the face of the sheriff.

"Take him away," said she, "and leave us alone with the sexton of St. Hubert's. Guard him well, for we wish to show him how we administer justice among us. We will be judge and jury, and our upright man shall be the executioner."

She waved her tawny hand with the air of a princess dismissing her courtiers, and her mandate was obeyed. She was left alone with the sexton of St. Hubert's. Looking him steadily in the face, she said:

"John Pembroke, I give you joy of your marriage."

"Wretched woman!" said the sexton, "you poisoned her. By your hand she died."

"You are mistaken," answered the old woman, with a bitter smile. "She is not dead but sleepeth. You see the devil can quote scripture. It was my first intention to have poisoned her, but my second thoughts were better. So, instead of the medicine you sought, I gave you a powerful narcotick which has thrown her into a deep sleep. She lies at this moment, you know, in the chapel of St. Hubert's. There are flowers on her coffin, and there is a shroud around her. If I am not very much mistaken, about this hour she awakes."

"And perishes! Fiend in human shape, how you have deceived me! At this hour, remote from help, my Margaret is dying."

"She is not your Margaret, neither is she dying," said the crone. "Listen to me! I sent a trusty messenger to him that Margaret loves—to him who loves her fondly and faithfully—and if all things have gone as well as I anticipate, by this time she is in his arms. The draught she drank is harmless."

"Cursed deceiver!" cried the sexton, struggling frantically to free himself from the ligatures which bound him. "You have done an accursed deed—you have deprived me of my betrothed bride!"

"Your betrothed bride!" said the queen of the gipsies. "Behold her!" She waved her hand, and Myra stood before the sexton of St. Hubert's. "There she stands," said the gipsy. "Have you forgotten that your troth is plighted to her? The bride and the priest are ready. Man of guilt and passion! wed her you may—wed her you must!"

"Never!" cried the sexton. "When I sought your lawless crew to indulge my love of revelling and pleasure, the person of Myra lighted a fire in my breast. But it was an unholy flame. I will never marry her—let her live, live to be branded with infamy and disgrace!"

"Ha!" cried the crone, rising from her seat. "Is it so? Speak. Myra! child of my heart, is it so?"

The gipsy girl clasped her hands together, and hung her head in shame. Her cheeks were suffused with crimson, then they became deadly pale, and she sank lifeless on the ground.

"You have killed her!" shrieked the gipsy queen, "and dearly shall you rue it."

She placed a whistle to her lips and blew a shrill blast. But she received a far different answer than she had anticipated, for one of the sheriff's men had succeeded in escaping from the hands of the gipsy crew, and galloped to the neighbouring town where a troop of horse was quartered. The commanding officer instantly repaired to the gipsy camp where he arrived in time to apprehend the crew before they had committed any act of violence. The sexton of St. Hubert's did not long survive this night, and Myra became a maniack. The fate of the lovers we shall next describe.

When the lover of Margaret received the message of the queen of the gipsies, he repaired to the spot where his mistress lay to all appearance in the arms of death. But life had not departed, and even as he hung gazing over her, a faint colour mounted to her cheek, and her bosom began to heave beneath her white garment. He raised her in his arms, bore her to the air, and she revived. When her senses were fully rested, she consented to guard against another separation by marrying her lover and saviour. William had provided a humble post-chaise to convey his bride far from the scene of her past perils and temptations. They journeyed by slow stages to the north, and at the close of a few days entered a romantick village. The lover bridegroom pointed out a gray and noble old pile, the turrets of which rose lofty above the waving trees of an ancient park. He asked if she should like to visit it. She replied in the affirmative, and they drove unchallenged through the gateway and along a noble avenue, shaded by huge oaks. When they reached the portals of the building, the post-boy stopped the horses, dismounted, threw open the door of the chaise and let down the steps. William lifted his companion from her seat in his arms.

"Margaret," said he, "look up. This is Woodley castle, and you are Lady Armitage!"

TRANSLATIONS FROM NEW WORKS.

PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

BY M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

The bard of Eden said that a poet "ought to be himself a true poem;" that is, a model of the best and most honourable qualities.

Milton rose at four in the morning during summer, and at five in the winter. He wore almost invariably a dress of coarse gray cloth; studied till noon, dined frugally, walked with a guide, and, in the evening, sung, accompanying himself on some instrument. He understood harmony, and had a fine voice. He for a long time addicted himself to the practice of fencing. To judge by Paradise Lost, he must have been passionately fond of musick and the perfume of flowers. He supped off five or six olives and a little water, retired to rest at nine, and composed at night, in bed. When he had made some verses, he rung, and dictated to his wife or daughters. On sunny days he sat on a bench at his door; he lived in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields.

From without, insults were heaped on this the sick and forsaken lion. These lines were addressed to him, headed, "Upon John Milton's not suffering for his Traitorous Book, when the Tryers were executed, 1660."

> "That thou escap'dst that vengeance which o'ertook,
> Milton, thy regicides, and thy own book,
> Was clemency in Charles beyond compare,
> And yet thy doom doth prove more grievous far;
> Old, sickly, poor, stark-blind, thou writ'st for bread;
> So, for to live, thou'dst call Salmasius from the dead."

They reproached him with his age, his ugliness, his small stature, and applied to him this verse of Virgil:

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

observing that the word *ingens* was the only one which did *not* apply to his person. He had the simplicity to reply, (Defensio Autoris,) that he was poor because he had never enriched himself; that he was neither large nor small; that at no age had he been considered ugly; that in youth, with a sword by his side, he had never feared the bravest.

In fact, he had been very handsome, and was so even in his age. The portrait of Adam is his own. His hair was admirable, his eyes of extraordinary clearness; no defect could be perceived in them; it would have been impossible to guess that he was blind. If we were not aware what party rage can do, could we believe that it would make it a crime for a man to be blind? But let us thank this abominable hate, we owe to it some exquisite lines. Milton first replies that he lost his sight in the defence of liberty, then adds these passages, full of sublimity and tenderness:

"In the night that surrounds me, the light of the Divine Presence shines the more brightly for me. God beholds me with greater tenderness and compassion, because I can see naught but Him. The Divine law ought not only to shield me from injury, but to render me more sacred; not on account of the loss of sight, but because I am under the shadow of the Divine wings, which seem to produce this darkness in me. To this I attribute the affectionate assiduities of my friends, their soothing attentions, their kind visits, and their respectful behaviour."

We see to what shifts he was reduced in writing, by a passage in one of his letters to Peter Hiembach.

"That virtue of mine which you call my political virtue, and which I would rather you had called devotion to my country—patriotism, enchanting me with her captivating name, almost, if I may so say, expatriated me. In finishing my letter, let me beg of you this favour, that, if you find some parts incorrectly written, you will impute the fault to the boy who writes for me; he is utterly ignorant of Latin, and I am obliged wretchedly enough to spell every word I dictate."

The miseries of Milton were still more aggravated by domestick griefs. He lost his first wife, Mary Powell, who died suddenly; as, also, after a year's marriage, did his second wife, Catharine Woodcock, of Hackney. His third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, survived him, and had used him well. He appears not to have been beloved; his daughters, who played such poetical parts in his life, deceived him, and secretly sold his books. He complains of this. Unfortunately, his character seems to have had the inflexibility of his genius. Johnson has said, with precision and truth, that Milton believed woman made only for obedience, and man for *rebellion*.

Milton, in his last days, was forced to sell his library. He drew near his end. Dr. Wright, going to see him, found him confined to the first floor of his small house, in a very small room, to which the visiter ascended by a staircase, carpeted, extempore, with green baize, to deaden the noise of footsteps, and to procure silence for the man who was advancing towards everlasting silence. The author of "Paradise Lost," attired in a black doublet, reclined in an elbow-chair. His head was uncovered, its silver locks fell on his shoulders, his blind but fine dark eyes sparkled amidst the paleness of his countenance.

On the tenth of November, 1674, that God who had discoursed with him by night, came to fetch him; and reunited him in Eden with the angels, amid whom he had lived, and whom he knew by their names, their offices, and their beauty.

Milton expired so gently that no one perceived the moment when, at the age of sixty-six years, (within one month,) he rendered back to God one of the mightiest spirits that ever animated human clay. This temporal life, though neither long nor short, served as a foundation for life eternal. This great man had dragged on a sufficient number of days on earth to feel their weariness; but not sufficient to exhaust his genius, which remained entire, even to his latest breath.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.

NEW GRAND OPERA OF "THE HUGUENOTS."

Concluded from our last.

We have already examined the musical wonders of the third act, and, indeed, had designed that our analysis of the Huguenots should end here; but our souvenirs have come upon us so thickly that we have been forced to seize them as we best might. Hence the want of systematick arrangement evinced by this *resume*.

It remains for us to add the link of story which connects the second with the fourth act. The promenade, we have mentioned as the scene of the third act, is the *Pré aux Clercs*—a meadow on the bank of the Seine opposite the Louvre, in days of yore a duelling ground, and one which Herold has immortalized in his delightful opera of the same name. Here it is that the troops of students and of grizettes, and bands of Huguenot soldiers and of *clercs de la basoche*, sing the various and bizarre pieces we have glanced at. It is, moreover, the wedding-day of the Count Nevers, who, in order to repair the outrage the heretick Raoul has inflicted upon his friend, Saint Bris, demands and obtains the hand of Valentine. The nuptial *cortege* crosses the *Pré aux Clercs*, on its way to the chapel. Marcel, the old puritan, is among the spectators—in his pocket he carries a cartel from Raoul to Saint Bris—and as the procession passes, he disdains to doff his beaver. This elicits from the catholicks the insulting exclamations already mentioned. St. Bris having received Raoul's challenge, suffers himself to be led into a project of assassination, to which Raoul is to fall a victim. Certain words are overheard by Valentine, who, under a pretext of remaining to pray, awaits the departure of her father and husband, in order to warn Marcel of the danger which threatens him whom she still loves—Raoul.

It is night, and Marcel is pacing the ground; he hears a step; "*qui va là!*" exclaims the old soldier. "Raoul!" replies the challenged maiden. Marcel, cheered by the sound of his master's name, bids her approach, and a duo, full of pathos, ensues. There are tears in the eyes, in the voice, and in the soul of the old soldier, as he listens to the earnest tale of one who loves Raoul as devotedly as he himself does. Soon his master arrives, accompanied by his seconds; and a few minutes after Saint Bris and his friends come on the stage. Hardly has the combat begun, before a dozen armed men spring forth, and surround Raoul and his two friends. At this juncture, Marcel gives a piercing shout, when suddenly the windows of a neighbouring *cabaret* are illumined, and we hear the cheering chorus of the Huguenot soldiers,

"Rata plan—plan, rata plan—plan,"

from within. At the second cry of Marcel, the door opens, and a troop of his comrades rush out to his assistance; while, at a signal from one of Saint Bris's seconds, students and clercs precipitate themselves from other *cabarets* to the succour of the catholicks. A *melée* is imminent, when instantly all the wives and mistresses of both parties rush in between the combatants, and commence an harmonick logomachy. In the midst of this general tumult, and at the height of the feminine quarrel, the Queen Margaret arrives, escorted by a body-guard and torch-bearers. The combatants stop through respect for the queen, who inquires into the cause of this dispute. Explanations ensue; and Marcel designates Valentine as the angel who has saved the life of Raoul, by warning him of the plot. Saint Bris is furious—Raoul amazed.

". . . . . Eh quoi! pour me sauver la vie
Elle aurait de son père affronté le courroux
Et sans m'aimer.
Marguerite.—Elle n'aimait que vous."

Raoul is in despair; Saint Bris triumphs at having married his daughter, and at being revenged upon his enemy. At the bottom of the theatre a large, highly decorated and illuminated barge, filled with musicians, with pages, with ladies of honour, and with the bridal party of Nevers, glides down the Seine. The bridegroom leads his young wife to the barge, in which they are welcomed by blasts of revelry; and the third act terminates with this brilliant spectacle.

The fourth act opens with a scene of reconciliation between Raoul and Valentine, in the house of her father. The passion of our hero has augmented in a direct ratio with his consciousness of the injustice he has done her. Their interview is suddenly interrupted by the arrival of Saint Bris, accompanied by a band of friends of *the catholick persuasion* who assemble to concert the plan of the massacre. Raoul takes refuge behind some tapestry, and Valentine is forced by her sire to be a witness of this awful ceremony. The conspiracy prospers, all seem to embrace the hatred and fanaticism of Saint Bris; and Raoul listens to the oath which binds them all to follow the sanguinary chief, who exclaims,

"Le fer en main, alors levez-vous tous;
Que tout maudit expire sous vos coups.
Ce Dieu qui vous entend et vous bénit d'avance,
Soldats chrétiens, marchera devant vous."

All! did we say! Av, save one. Nevers, execrating such treachery, breaks his sword, and casting it to the ground, bursts out in a sublime musical sentence—

"Tiens, la voilà, que Dieu juge entre nous."

Then ensues a scene of stupendous power and effect. Three monks advance slowly from the rear of the stage; the orchestra executes *moderato*, a rhythm of strongly-accentuated triplets upon which the three voices base, *sostenuto*, their sacrilegious hymn—*Gloire au grand Dieu vengeur*. Suddenly this intimidating measure ceases, and the brazen instruments sound, four successive times, the two major chords of E natural, and of A flat, in inharmonick relation, while Saint Bris and the three monks sing in unison, the monks in G sharp and the knight in C, the following benediction:

"Glaives pieux, saintes épées,
Qui dans un sang impur serez bientot trempées;
Vous par qui le Très-Haut frappe ses ennemis
Glaives pieux, par nous soyez benis."

At the last line, the voices, separating, merge into an unexpected harmony, the key of C major, unaccompanied by the orchestra, and thence gradually modulate into the key of A flat. In this key, the theme of the hymn is resumed by the whole chorus, accompanied, *fortissimo*, by the triplet measure of stringed instruments, to which we have already alluded. The volume of sound now becomes so terrible, the measure is beaten with so much force, the voices are so wildly discordant, religion and frenzy become so mingled in each onward phrase, that the spectator's anxiety augments to anguish, as he fancies it impossible to wind up such a *crescendo*. He is soon relieved. At a signal from the monks, the conspirators kneel down, and the former thread the groups slowly, and laying hands upon their heads. Then, in a paroxysm of mad exultation and of infuriate fanaticism, the whole band resume the original theme, *pour cette cause sainte;* but, in lieu of being distributed as before, they are concentrated one half in unison, and the other an octave above. The compact mass, thundering forth this melody, is heard over the orchestra, which, moreover, at every other beat, and in the intervals of vocal silence, swells *fortissimo*, at which pitch a syncopated beat of the tymbal, aided by the rattling of a drum, contributes to form an unheard-of mixture of all the elements of dissonance and of sublime horrour which it is impossible to hear without consternation.

The conspirators have retired to take measures for the execution of their sinister resolves; Raoul emerges from his hiding-place, pale, terrified for his friends, and still his arm and soul braced up for the bloody fray. Then follows a *duo*, of which the varied modulations of love and of anguish, of revenge and of tenderness, are indescribably touching; *Valentine*, who is the bride of another, yet at heart ever loving Raoul, now avows her passion with a view to dissuade her lover from encountering the thousand perils which beset him.

"*Valentine.*—Reste ici cette nuit! reste dans cette asile
"*Raoul.*—Je ne puis
"*Valentine.*—Et la mort
"*Raoul.*—Je saurai la braver!
"*Valentine.*—Eh bien donc! si ma voix vainement te supplie
Et si mon malheur seul peut preserver ta vie
Enfin . . . . s'il faut me perdre afin de te sauver
Reste, Raoul, reste . . . . je t'aime!"

His expressions of ecstasy are thrilling—

"Tu l'as dit; oui tu m'aimes,"

and the mingled song and recitative, exhibit the highest possible musical expression of delicacy and refinement of sentiment.

A cry without turns him from rapture to desolation; the hour has come—in vain does she entreat him to leave to their fate the friends whom his single arm cannot rescue from destruction, to espouse her religion, and for her sake—she whom she loves better than life, yet honour is dearer. He bursts loose from her grasp, exclaiming, *Dieu veillez sur ses jours! Et moi je vais mourir*. The scene terminates with a *septime*, and on the sensible note, which renders it piteous in the extreme. He springs through the window, and she falls in a swoon, and as if struck by heaven's blast.

We have just seen with what accents the indefatigable author of the Huguenots has clothed individual passions, and with what rapidity he passes to these immediately after portraying the clamours and energetick language of popular masses. Let us hasten to the *denouement* of this terrible drama.

On that eventful night, the leading protestant nobles where assembled at a fête in the *Hôtel de Sens*. At the opening of the fifth act, the curtain accordingly discloses a magnificent ball-room filled with a gay and richly-dressed crowd. The musick of the dance is ofttimes begloomed by a plaintive modulation into a minor key. Strange sounds are heard from without. There is a pause. The doors are burst open by Raoul, who rushes in, covered with blood, sword in hand, and to announce to the protestants the massacre of their brethren.

The scene changes to a cloister, at the bottom of which is a protestant chapel, whither a crowd of women and children fly for refuge. Marcel, kneeling among them, offers up prayers. Wounded in the conflict, he owes his life to the intervention of the Count Nevers, who, himself a catholick, perished in defending him.

Raoul and Valentine now enter. She, freed by the death of her husband, follows her lover everywhere; and strives to save him by marrying him, and by converting him to her belief. He, on the point of yielding to this new temptation, is suddenly recalled to a sense of duty by a word from his old servant. Valentine, whose love is doubtless superiour to her piety, declares to her lover that in order to be united to him, she will embrace a religion whose sublimity, in this awful moment of danger, sheds light upon the soul.

Marcel, in the absence of a divine, and himself a priest, *par le droit des vertus, et par le droit de l'age*, blesses this hasty rite. His severe interrogatories, and the pious response of the united voices of the two lovers; the solemn yet plaintive tones of the bass-clarionet, which form the only accompaniment; the very silence of the orchestra, all contribute to the unexpected grandeur and solemnity of the scene. In the adjoining temple, the women and children are heard chanting the canticle of Luther—add to this the trio of the three principal personages, and then, in the midst of this solemn harmony, hear the trumpets of the murderers without—their atrocious flourishes form a thrilling contrast. A single note of the *major* mode, introduced into a *minor* phrase, lends this fierceness to their mingled blast. At first they sound G B flat, and D of the chord of G minor; from this they suddenly change to E *natural*, D, C and D, and this sixth note of the *minor* mode raised accidentally half a tone rings upon the ear with diabolical ferocity. It is as if in the key of A *minor*, F *natural*, the sixth note were constantly *sharped*. This occurs in one of the operas of Gluck; in the *Iphigenie en Tauride*, at the verse—

"Ah! ce n'est plus qu'aux sombres bords,

where the sudden introduction of this unexpected note sheds gloom over the whole harmony. In the Huguenots, on the contrary, it shines out "like a naked sword"—the savage joy of victorious fanaticism clangs in each fresh blast.

The assassins break into the sanctuary, and, as they are about rushing upon Raoul, Marcel and Valentine—these three, closely locked together, advance boldly upon the swords of the infuriate wretches. So steadfast is their mien, so exalted their courage, and so sublime the splendid choral of Luther which they sing in rich unison, and with which they defy death, that spectators and assassins are for a minute electrified by this magnificent hymn of martyrdom; the latter, however, seeing them unarmed, finally drag them out, and, as they refuse to abjure their faith, murder them.

This *finale*, in which are introduced successively so many emotions—love, piety, religious exaltation, fanaticism, hatred, frenzy, ferocity, the enthusiastick resignation of the three martyrs, and the hideous rage of the populace—is, indeed, a manifestation of the powerful faculties with which Mayerbeer is gifted.

Let us pause to take breath, and to apologize to our readers for the extent of ground we have allowed our recollections to cover. It has been our object to exemplify the advantage of that deep study—the *sine qua non* of musical success—which is so little comprehended by the unskilled, and which constitutes the true science of the musician. This it is which forms the *maestro*, and which in his works enchants the world; for the gayer, the musical expression, the more it resembles a joyous and easy ebullition of sentiment, the greater has doubtless been the initiatory labour of the composer. Are we then bold in affirming that, to produce such works of art, not with a puerile view to astonish, but to excite mixed sentiments of delight and of admiration; that, to accomplish the arduous task imposed by certain data, certain dramatick positions, whence arise myriads of felicitous contrasts, and which, in less skilful hands would result in a chaotick medley; that to present such a musical amalgam as we have just cited—such a wonder to artists and joyous surprise to the world, which, even in this age of invention, had not yet witnessed so vast an effort; that to surpass the three orchestras of Don Juan's ball, and, in short, to construct a thoroughly musical, and, in the main, religious drama of five acts and of as many hours long, and to cement symmetrically together a mass of harmonick and of dissonant elements like the preceding, may be termed an art little inferior in difficulty to any science—a science unsurpassed in beauty by any art!

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE THEATRE IN SHAKSPEARE'S TIME.

In the dramatick performances of Shakspeare's time, the female characters were represented by young men; and the actors were not distinguished from the spectators, except by the plumes of feathers which adorned their hats, and the bows of riband which they wore in their shoes. There was no musick between the acts. The place of performance was frequently the court-yard of an inn, and the windows which looked into this court-yard served for the boxes. On the representation of a tragedy in London, the place in which it was performed was hung with black, like the nave of a church at a funeral.

As to the means of illusion, some idea may be formed of them from the burlesque picture drawn by Shakspeare, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." A man, having his face smeared with plaster, is the wall which intervenes between Pyramus and Thisbe, and he spreads out his fingers to represent the chinks in the wall, through which the lovers converse. A lantern, a bush, and a dog, are employed to produce moonlight. In rude dramatick performances of this kind, the scene, without changing, alternately represented a flower-garden, a rock, against which a ship was to strike, or a field of battle, where half a dozen miserable-looking soldiers would personate two armies. There is extant a curious inventory of the property of a company of English players; and in this document we find set down a dragon, a wheel employed in the siege of London, a large horse, with his legs, sundry limbs of Moors, four Turks' heads, and an iron mouth, which was probably employed in giving utterance to the sweetest and sublimest accents of the immortal poet. False skins were also employed for those characters who were flayed alive on the stage, like the prevaricating judge in Cambyses. Such a spectacle now-a-days would attract all Paris.

But, after all, correctness of scenick accessories and costume is far less essential to the illusion than is generally imagined. The genius of Racine gains nothing by the cut and form of a dress. In the master-pieces of Raphael, the back-grounds are neglected and the costumes incorrect. The rage of Orestes, or the prophecy of Joad, recited in a drawing-room by Talma, habited in his own dress, produced not less effect than when delivered by the great actor on the stage, in Grecian or Hebrew drapery. Iphigenia was attired like Madame de Sévigné, when Boileau addressed to his friend the following fine lines:

"Jamais Iphigenie, en Aulide immolée
N'a coute tant de pleurs à la Grece assemblee,
Que dans l'heureux spectacle à nos yeux etalé
En a fait sous son nom verser la Champmele."

Accuracy in the representation of inanimate objects is the spirit of the literature and the arts of our time. It denotes the decay of the higher class of poetry, and of the genuine drama. We are content with minor beauties when we cannot attain great aims. Our stage represents to perfection the chair and its velvet coverings, but the actor is not equally successful in portraying the character who is seated in the chair. But, having once descended to these minute representations of material objects, it cannot be dispensed with, for the publick taste becomes materialized, and demands it.

In Shakspeare's time, the higher class of spectators, or the *gentlemen*, took their places on the stage—seating themselves either on the boards, or on stools, which they paid for. The pit was a dark and dusty hole, in which the audience stood crowded together. The spectators in the pit, and those on the stage, were like two hostile camps, drawn up face to face. The pit saluted the *gentlemen* with hisses, threw mud at them, and addressed to them insulting outcries. The *gentlemen* returned these compliments by calling their assailants *stinkards* and brutes. The *stinkards* ate apples and drank ale; the gentlemen played at cards and smoked tobacco, which was then recently introduced. It was the fashion for the gentlemen to tear up the cards, as if they had lost some great stake, and then to throw the fragments angrily on the stage—to laugh, speak loud, and turn their backs on the actors. In this manner were the tragedies of the great master received on their first production. John Bull threw apple-parings at the divinity at whose shrine he now offers adoration. Fortune, in her rigour to Shakspeare and Molière, made them actors, and thus gave to the lowest of their countrymen the privilege of at once insulting the great men and their writings.—*Chateaubriand's Sketches.*

FOSSIL REMAINS OF THE SIBERIAN MAMMOTH.

In the year 1799, a Tungusian fisherman observed a strange shapeless mass projecting from an ice-bank, near the mouth of a river in the north of Siberia, the nature of which he did not understand, and which was so high in the bank as to be beyond his reach. He next year observed the same object, which was then rather more disengaged from among the ice; but was still unable to conceive what it was. Towards the end of the following summer, 1801, he could distinctly see that it was the frozen carcase of an enormous animal, the entire flank of which, and one of its tusks, had become disengaged from the ice. In consequence of the ice beginning to melt earlier, and to a greater degree than usual, in 1803, the fifth year of this discovery, the enormous carcase became entirely disengaged, and fell down from the ice-crag on a sand bank forming part of the coast of the Arctick ocean. In the month of March of that year, the Tungusian carried away the two tusks, which he sold for fifty rubles, about fifteen pounds sterling.

Two years afterwards this animal still remained on the sand-bank, where it had fallen from the ice; but its body was then greatly mutilated. The peasants had taken away considerable quantities of its flesh to feed their dogs; and the wild animals, particularly the white bears, had also feasted on the carcase; yet the skeleton remained quite entire, except that one of the fore legs was gone. The entire spine, the pelvis, one shoulder blade, and three legs, were still held together by their ligaments, and by some remains of the skin; and the other shoulder blade was found at a short distance. The head remained, covered by the dried skin, and the pupil of the eyes was still distinguishable. The brain also remained within the skull, but a good deal shrunk and dried up; and one of the ears was in excellent preservation, still retaining a tuft of strong bristly hair. The upper lip was a good deal eaten away, and the under lip was entirely gone, so that the teeth were distinctly seen. The animal was a male, and had a long mane on its neck.

The skin was extremely thick and heavy, and as much of it remained as required the exertions of ten men to carry away, which they did with considerable difficulty. More than thirty pounds weight of the hair and bristles of this animal were gathered from the wet sand bank, having been trampled into the mud by the white bears, while devouring the carcase. The hair was of three distinct kinds; one consisting of stiff black bristles, a foot or more in length; another of thinner bristles, of coarse flexible hair, of a reddish-brown; and the third of coarse reddish-brown wool, which grew among the roots of the hair. These afford an undeniable proof that this animal had belonged to a race of elephants inhabiting a cold region, with which we are unacquainted, and by no means fitted to dwell in the torrid zone. It is also evident that this enormous animal must have been frozen up by the ice at the moment of its death.

CLUBS OF LONDON.

One night Lord Ashgrove lost at Crockford's four thousand pounds, which, he observed to the earl of Linkwood, was the last farthing of ready cash at his command. The noble lord, however, had undeniable resources. "Excuse me, my lud," said Crockford, making a very clumsy bow, but still it was the best at his disposal, "excuse me, my lud, did I hear you say as how you had no more ready money! My lud, this 'ere is the bank, (pointing to the bank;) if your ludship wishes it, one thousand or two thousand pounds is at your ludship's service."

"Really, Mr. Crockford, you are very obliging; but I don't think I shall play any more to night."

"Ashgrove," said Count Whiskero—"Ashgrove, do accept Mr Crockford's liberal offer of the two thousand pounds; perhaps you may win back all you have lost."

"Nothink, I azure your ludship, will give me greater pleasure than to give you the money," said Crockford.

"Well, let me have two thousand pounds."

"Crockford dipped his fingers into the bank, took out the two thousand pounds, and handed it to his lordship.

"Per'aps your ludship would obleege me with an I O U, and pay the amount at your convenians?"

"I shall be able to pay it to you in a couple of months," said his lord-ship, handing Crockford the I O U.

"Your ludship's very kind—werry."

Lord Ashgrove resumed the game; in an hour and a half he was again penniless.

PORTRAIT OF A VENDEAN.

While residing in London, in 1793, (says M. Chateaubriand,) I once met, at the residence of the charge d'affaires of the French princes, a crowd of dealers in counter-revolutions. There stood in the corner a man, who appeared to be from thirty to thirty-five years of age, unnoticed by all, and whose whole attention was fixed upon an engraving of the death of General Wolfe. Struck with his appearance, I inquired who he was. My informant replied—"He is nobody—a Vendean peasant; the bearer of a letter from his chiefs."

This man, who was nobody, had witnessed the death of Cathelineau, the first general of La Vendee, and a peasant like himself; of Bonchamp, in whom Bayard seemed to have revived; of Lescure, armed with a hair-cloth, which was not proof against a ball; of Elbee, shot in an arm-chair, his wounds preventing him from encountering death standing; of La Rochejaquelin, whose dead body was ordered by the patriots to be *versified*, with a view to tranquilize the convention in the midst of its victories over Europe. This man, who was nobody, had assisted at the two hundred captures and recaptures of towns, villages, and redoubts; at the seven hundred partial actions and the seventeen general engagements; he had taken part in the struggles against three hundred thousand regulars, and six or seven hundred thousand forced levies and national guards; had helped to carry off five hundred pieces of cannon, and a hundred and fifty thousand muskets; had forced his way through the *infernal columns*, companies of incendiaries, headed by conventionalists; had found himself in the midst of the ocean of fire, which thrice rolled its waves over the woods of La Vendee; lastly, he had witnessed the destruction of three hundred thousand Hercules of the plough, companions of his labours, and had seen a hundred square leagues of country converted into a wilderness of ashes.

The two Frances met on this soil which they had thus levelled. Whatever remained of old blood and of recollections in the France of the Crusades, struggled against the new blood and the hopes put forth by revolutionary France. The victor was sensible of the dignity of the conquered: Thurot, the general of the republicans, declared that "history would assign to the Vendeans the first rank among military populations." Another general wrote to Merlin, of Thionville: Troops that have defeated Frenchmen, such as these, may well hope to conquer all other nations. The legions of Probus said as much, in their songs, respecting our forefathers. The battles of La Vendee were called by Bonaparte, "Battles of Giants."

I was the only one of the crowd in the apartments who looked with admiration and respect upon the representative of those boors of old, who, while breaking the yoke of their lords, repelled, under Charles the fifth, the invasion of foreigners; I fancied I beheld in him an inhabitant of those communes which, aided by the petty provincial nobility, in the days of Charles the seventh, reconquered, furrow by furrow, inch by inch, the territory of France. He had that air of indifference which marks the savage; his eye was gray and inflexible as an iron rod; his lower lip trembled under his clenched teeth; his hair fell from his head like snakes, benumbed, but ready to rear themselves; his arms, hanging by his side, gave a nervous shock to enormous fists slashed with sabre cuts; he might have been taken for a sawyer. His physiognomy expressed a plebeian rustick nature, brought by a moral force into the service of interests and ideas at variance with that nature; the unaffected fidelity of the vassal, the simple faith of the Christian, were blended in him with the rude plebeian independence, accustomed to value itself, and to revenge its own wrongs. His sense of liberty seemed to spring from the consciousness of the strength of his arm and of the intrepidity of his heart. He was as silent as a lion, scratched himself like a lion, yawned like a lion, stretched on his side like a wearied lion, and appeared to dream of blood and forests; his intelligence was akin to that of death. What men were the French of those days, be their party what it might, and what a race have we become at the present day! But the republicans had their principle in them, in the very midst of them, whereas the principle of the royalists was out of France. The Vendeans sent deputations to the emigrants; the giants sent to solicit leaders from the pigmies. The rustick messenger I was contemplating had taken the revolution by the throat; he had exclaimed, "Come in; pass behind me; it will not hurt you; it shall not stir; I have a strong hold of it." No one was willing to pass; Jacques Bonhomme then released the revolution from his gripe, and Charette shivered his sword.

ESCAPE OF PETER THE GREAT.

Like all malcontents, the Streltz believed that discontent was universal. It was this belief which, in Moscow itself, and a few days before the departure of their sovereign, emboldened Tesiker and Sukanim, two of their leaders, to plot a nocturnal conflagration. They knew that Peter would be the first to hasten to it; and in the midst of the tumult and confusion common to such accidents, they meant to murder him without mercy, and then to massacre all the foreigners who had been set over them as masters. Such was the infamous scheme. The hour which they had fixed for its accomplishment was at hand. They had accomplices but no impeachers; and, when assembled at a banquet, they all sought in intoxicating liquors the courage which was required for so dreadful an execution. But like all other intoxications, this produced various effects, according to difference of constitution in those by whom it was felt. Two of these villains lost in it their boldness; they infected each other, not with just remorse, but with a dastardly fear; and, escaping from one crime by another, they left the company under a specious pretext, promising to their accomplices to return in time, and hurried to the Czar to disclose the plot.

At midnight the blow was to have been struck; and Peter gave orders that, exactly at eleven, the abode of the conspirators should be closely surrounded. Shortly after, thinking that the hour was come, he went singly to the haunt of these ruffians; he entered boldly, certain that he should find nothing but trembling criminals, already fettered by his guards. But his impatience had anticipated the time, and he found himself, single and unarmed, in the midst of their unshackled, daring, well armed band, at the instant when they were vociferating the last words of an oath that they would achieve his destruction.

At his unexpected appearance, however, they all rose in confusion. Peter on his side, comprehending the full extent of his danger, exasperated at the supposed disobedience of his guards, and furious at having thrown himself into peril, suppressed, nevertheless, the violence of his emotions. Having gone too far to recede, he did not lose his presence of mind; he unhesitatingly advanced among this throng of traitors, greeted them familiarly, and in a calm and natural tone said, that, "as he was passing by their house, he saw a light in it; that supposing they were amusing themselves, he had entered in order to share their pleasures." He then seated himself and drank to his assassins, who, standing up around him, could not avoid putting the glass about, and drinking his health.

But soon they began to consult each other by their looks, to make numerous signs, and to grow more daring: one of them even leaned over to Sukanim, and said in a low voice, "Brother, it is time!" The latter replied, "Not yet," when Peter, who heard him, and who also heard at last the footsteps of his guards, started from his seat, knocked him down by a blow in the face, and exclaimed, "if it is not time for you, scoundrel, it is for me!" This blow, and the sight of the guards, threw the assassins into consternation; they fell on their knees, and implored forgiveness. "Chain them!" replied the terrible Czar. Then turning to the officer of the guards, he struck him, and reproached him with his want of punctuality; but the latter showed him his order, and the Czar perceiving his mistake, clasped him in his arms, kissed him on the forehead, and intrusted him with the custody of the traitors.

His vengeance was terrible, the punishment was more ferocious than the crime. First the rack, then the successive mutilation of each member; then death, when not enough of blood and life was left to allow of the sense of suffering. To close the whole, the heads were exposed on the summit of a column, the members being symmetrically arranged around them as ornaments.

PUNCTUALITY.

A committee of eight gentlemen had appointed to meet at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual: but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. "The time," said he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late," etc. A Quaker present said, "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted three own quarter of an hour; but there are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one eighth of it only was *thine own property*."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER, WITH ALTERATIONS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN—Warburton informs us that Pope wrote the Universal Prayer to silence the cavils which his Essay on Man had elicited; not thinking, probably, that the prayer itself would subject him to animadversions scarcely less formidable. The gratuitous and irreverend specification of names in the last line of the first verse; the uncouth combination of fate and free-will in the second and third verses, expressed, too, in bad grammar; the hyperbole, bordering on profanity, in the fourth verse, and the licentious tendency of the fifth—these are the principal objections offered to this otherwise delightful production. I have humbly endeavoured, by a few alterations, in italicks, to deliver it from the obnoxious passages, in the hope that if the versification is rendered thereby less melodious, the sentiment, at least, will be more generally acceptable. The imitable author has, in my judgment, written few things more creditable to his muse than this beautiful paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer. Whether, as thus modified, it shall be received into the "Family Circle" of your elegant miscellany, is most respectfully submitted. SENEX.

Father of all, in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
The same Almighty Lord!

Thou great First Cause; *least* understood
Who's with us humble mind
I *feel* but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet *gav'st* me in *the darkest hour*
To see the good from ill,
And *hast, though infinite in power,*
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me *faithfully* to shun,
That *firmly to* pursue.

For bless'ings thy free bounty gives
Let hourly thanks arise;
For God, *to him who thus receives,*
Adds joys beyond the skies.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Even as I am, *and* wholly so,
Without the quick'ning breath,
O let me wheresoe'er I go
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot,
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise!

FEMALE POLITICIANS.—A DIALOGUE.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

Medon.—How I hate political women! They are so mischievous!

Alda.—But why are they mischievous?

Medon.—Why!—why are they mischievous? Nay, ask them, or ask the father of all mischief, who has not a more efficient instrument to further his designs in this world, than a woman run mad with politicks. The number of political intriguing women of this time, whose boudoirs and drawing-rooms are the *foyers* of party-spirit, is another trait of resemblance between the state of society now, and that which existed at Paris before the revolution.

Alda.—And do you think, like some interesting young lady in Miss Edgeworth's tales, that "women have nothing to do with politicks?"* Do you mean to say that women are not capable of comprehending the principles of legislation, or of feeling an interest in the government and welfare of their country? that they are incapable of perceiving and sympathizing in the progress of great events?—That they cannot feel patriotism? Believe me, when we do feel it, our patriotism, like our courage and our love, has a purer source than with you; for a man's patriotism has always some tinge of egotism, while a woman's patriotism is generally a sentiment of the noblest kind. I never heard a woman *talk* politicks, as it is termed, that I could not discern at once the motive, the affection, the secret bias, which swayed her opinions and inspired her arguments. If it appeared to the Grecian sage so "difficult for a man not to love himself, nor the things that belong to him, but justice only"—how much more for woman!

Medon.—I agree in all this: and all this does not mitigate my horrour of political women in general, who are, I repeat it, both mischievous and absurd. If you could but hear the reasoning in these feminine coteries!—but you never talk politicks.

* The real sentiments of Maria Edgeworth on this oft contested subject, for at least what I presume and hope to be her own sentiments, I may be found in the tale of "Helen," published since the first edition of this little work: they are spoken of by Lady Davenant, the most splendid and vivacious of all her female portraits, and have a characteristick beauty and propriety as well as general truth and sound practical sense. "Let me observe to you," says Lady Davenant, "that the position of women in society is somewhat different from what it was a hundred years ago, or as it was sixty, or I will say thirty years since. Women are now so highly cultivated, and political subjects are at present of so much importance, of such link interest to all human creatures who live together in society, you can hardly expect, Helen, that you as a rational being, can go through the world as it now is, without forming any opinion on points of public importance. You cannot, I conceive, entirely yourself with the common money-party, little miser phrase. 'Ladies have nothing to do with politicks.'—but a little further on she adds with equal truth, "Of the public good and private inconveniences, that result from women becoming politicians, or as you express our meaning, interfering with politick affairs, no one can be more aware than I am. *Interfering*, observe I say, for I would mark and keep the line between influence and interference. Female influence must, will, and ought to exist on all political subjects as on all others; but this influence should be domestick, not publick; the customs of society have to mould it."

DRAMATICK SKETCHES.

ILL-WILL.

AN ACTING CHARADE—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. CADAVEROUS, *An old miser, very rich and very ill.*
EDWARD, *A young Lawyer without a brief.*
MR. HAUSTUS GUMARABIC, *Apothecary.*
SEEDY, *Solicitor.*
THOMAS MONTAGU, JOHN MONTAGU, } *Nephews to Mr. Cadaverous.*
JAMES STERLING, WILLIAM STERLING, } *Nephews twice removed to Mr. Cadaverous.*
CLEMENTINA MONTAGU, *Niece to Mr. Cadaverous.*
MRS. JELLYBAGS, *Housekeeper and nurse.*

ACT I.

SCENE—*A sick room*—MR. CADAVEROUS *in an easy-chair asleep, supported by cushions, wrapped up in his dressing-gown, a night-cap on his head—A small table with phials, gallipots, etc.*—MRS. JELLYBAGS *seated on a chair close to a table.*

Mrs. Jellybags. (*Looks at* MR. CADAVEROUS, *and then comes forward.*) He sleeps yet, the odious old miser. Mercy on me, how I do hate him—almost as much as he loves his money. Well, there's one comfort, he cannot take his money-bags with him, and the doctor says that he cannot last much longer. Ten years have I been his slave—ten years have I been engaged to be married to Sergeant-Major O'Callaghan of the Blues—ten years has he kept me waiting at the porch of Hymen, and what thousands of couples have I seen enter during that time! Oh dear! it's enough to drive a widow mad. I think I have managed it; he has now quarrelled with all his relations, and Dr. Gumarabic intends this day to suggest the propriety of his making his last will and testament. (MR. CADAVEROUS *still asleep, coughs.*) He is waking. (*Looks at him.*) No, he is not. Well, then, I shall wake him, and give him a draught, for, after such a comfortable sleep as he is now in, he might last a whole week longer. (*Goes up to* MR. CADAVEROUS, *and shakes him.*)

Mr. Cad. (*starting up.*) Ugh! ugh! ugh! (*Coughs violently.*) Oh! Mrs. Jellybags, I'm so ill. Ugh! ugh!

Jel. My dear, dear sir, now don't say so. I was in hopes, after such a nice long sleep, you would have found yourself so much better.

Cad. Long sleep! oh dear! I'm sure I've not slept ten minutes.

Jel. (*aside.*) I know that. (*Aloud.*) Indeed, my dear sir, you are mistaken. Time passes very quick when we are fast asleep. I have been watching you, and keeping the flies off. But you must now take your draught, my dear sir, and your pill first.

Cad. What! more pills and more draughts! Why, there's no end to them!

Jel. Yes, there will be, by and by, my dear sir. You know Dr. Gumarabic has ordered you to take one pill and one draught every half hour.

Cad. And so I have—never missed one for the last six weeks—woke up for them day and night. I feel very weak—very weak, indeed. Don't you think I might eat something, my dear Mrs. Jellybags!

Jel. Eat, my dear Mr. Cadaverous!—how can you ask me, when you know that Doctor Gumarabic says it would be the death of you!

Cad. Only the wing of a chicken—or a bit of the heart——

Jel. Impossible.

Cad. A bit of dry toast, then; anything, my dear Mrs. Jellybags! I've such a gnawing. Ugh! ugh!

Jel. My dear sir, you would die if you swallowed the least thing that's nourishing.

Cad. I'm sure I shall die if I do not. Well, then, a little soup—I should like that very much indeed.

Jel. Soup! it would be poison, my dear sir! No, no. You must take your pill and your draught.

Cad. Oh dear! oh dear! Forty-eight pills and forty-eight draughts every twenty-four hours! not a wink of sleep day or night.

Jel. (*soothingly.*) But it's to make you well, you know, my dear Mr. Cadaverous. Come, now. (*Hands him a pill and some water in a tumbler.*)

Cad. The last one is hardly down yet; I feel it sticking half way. Ugh! ugh!

Jel. Then wash them both down at once. Come, now—'tis to make you well, you know.

(CADAVEROUS *takes the pill with a wry face and coughs it up again.*)

Cad. Ugh! ugh! There—it's up again. Oh dear! oh dear!

Jel. You must take it, my dear sir. Come, now, try again.

Cad. (*coughing.*) My cough is so bad. (*Takes the pill.*) Oh, my poor head! Now I'll lie down again.

Jel. Not yet, my dear Mr. Cadaverous. You must take your draught; it's to make you well, you know.

Cad. What! another draught! I'm sure I must have twenty draughts in my inside, besides two boxes of pills.

Jel. Come, now, it will be down in a minute.

(CADAVEROUS *takes the wine-glass in his hand, and looks at it with abhorrence.*)

Jel. Come, now.

(CADAVEROUS *swallows the draught, and feels very sick, puts his handkerchief to his mouth, and, after a time, sinks back in the chair quite exhausted, and shuts his eyes.*)

Jel. (*aside.*) I wish the doctor would come. It's high time that he made his will.

Cad. (*drawing up his leg.*) Oh! oh! oh!

Jel. What's the matter, my dear Mr. Cadaverous?

Cad. Oh such pain! oh! rub it, Mrs. Jellybags.

Jel. Are you better now, my dear sir?

Cad. Oh dear! oh! I do believe that I shall die! I've been a very wicked man, I'm afraid.

Jel. Don't say so, Mr. Cadaverous. Every one but your nephews and nieces say that you are the best man in the world.

Cad. Do they! I was afraid that I had not been quite so good as they think I am.

Jel. I'd like to hear any one say to the contrary. I'd tear their eyes out—that I would.

Cad. You are a good woman, Mrs. Jellybags; and I shall not forget you in my will.

Jel. Don't mention wills, my dear sir. You make me so miserable. (*Puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

Cad. Don't cry, Mrs. Jellybags. I won't talk any more about it. (*Sinks back exhausted.*)

Jel. (*Wiping her eyes.*) Here comes Dr. Gumarabic.

Enter GUMARABIC.

Gum. Good morning, Mistress Jellybags. Well, how's our patient!—better!—heh!

(Mrs. JELLYBAGS *shakes her head.*)

Gum. No: well, that's odd. (*Goes up to* Mr. CADAVEROUS.) Not better, my dear sir!—don't you feel stronger!

Cad. (*faintly.*) Oh, no!

Gum. Not stronger! Let us feel the pulse. (MRS. JELLYBAGS *hands a chair, and* GUMARABIC *sits down, pulls out his watch and counts.*) Intermittent—165—well, now—that's very odd. Mrs. Jellybags, have you adhered punctually to my prescriptions!

Jel. Oh yes, sir, exactly.

Gum. He has eaten nothing!

Cad. Nothing at all.

Gum. And don't feel stronger! Odd—very odd! Pray, has he had anything in the way of drink! Come, Mrs. Jellybags, no disguise—tell the truth; no soup—warm jelly—heh!

Jel. No, sir; upon my word, he has had nothing.

Gum. Humph!—and yet feels no stronger! Well, that's odd! Has he taken the pill every half-hour!

Jel. Yes, sir, regularly.

Gum. And feels no better! Are you sure that he has had his draught with his pill!

Jel. Every time, sir.

Gum. And feels no better! Well, that's odd—very odd, indeed! (*Rises and comes forward with* MRS. JELLYBAGS.) We must throw in some more draughts, Mrs. Jellybags; there is no time to be lost.

Jel. I'm afraid he's much worse, sir.

Gum. I am not at all afraid of it, Mrs. Jellybags—I am sure of it; it's very odd—but the fact is, that all the physick in the world won't save him; but still he must take it—because—physick was made to be taken.

Jel. Very true, sir. (*Whispers to* GUMARABIC.)

Gum. Ah! yes;—very proper. (*Going to* MR. CADAVEROUS.) My dear sir, I have done my best; nevertheless, you are ill—very ill,—which is odd,—very odd! It is not pleasant,—I may say, very unpleasant,—but if you have any little worldly affairs to settle,—will to make,—or a codicil to add, in favour of your good nurse, your doctor, or so on,—it might be as well to send for your lawyer; there is no saying, but, during my practice, I have sometimes found that people die. After all the physick you have taken, it certainly is odd—vey odd—very odd, indeed;—but you might die to-morrow.

Cad. Oh dear! I'm very ill.

Jel. (*sobbing.*) Oh dear! oh dear!—he's very ill.

Gum. (*comes forward, shrugging up his shoulders.*) Yes; he is ill—very ill;—to-morrow, dead as mutton! At all events, he has not died for WANT of physick. We must throw in some more draughts immediately;—no time to be lost. Life is short,—but my bill will be long—very long! [*Exit as scene closes.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Enter* CLEMENTINA, *with a letter in her hand.*

Clem. I have just received a letter from my dear Edward: he knows of my uncle's danger, and is anxious to see me. I expect him immediately. I hope he will not be seen by Mrs. Jellybags as he comes in, for she would try to make more mischief than she has already. Dear Edward! how he loves me! (*Kisses the letter.*)

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. My lovely, my beautiful, my adored Clementina! I have called upon Mr. Gumarabic, who tells me that your uncle cannot live through the twenty-four hours, and I have flown here, my sweetest, dearest, to—to——

Clem. To see me, Edward: surely there needs no excuse for coming?

Edw. To reiterate my ardent, pure, and unchangeable affection, my dearest Clementina; to assure you, that in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse, as they say in the marriage ceremony, I am yours till death us do part.

Clem. I accept the vow, dearest Edward. You know too well my heart for me to say more.

Edw. I do know your heart, Clementina, as it is,—nor do I think it possible that you could change;—still, sometimes—that is for a moment when I call to mind that, by your uncle's death, as his favourite niece, living with him for so many years, you may soon find yourself in the possession of thousands,—and that titled men may lay their coronets at your feet,—then, Clementina——

Clem. Ungenerous and unkind!—Edward, I almost hate you. Is a little money then to sway my affections! Shame, Edward, shame on you! Is such your opinion of my constancy! (*Weeps.*) You must judge me by your own heart.

Edw. Clementina! dearest Clementina!—I did!—but rather—that is—I was not in earnest;—but when we value any object as I value you,—it may be forgiven, if I feel at times a little jealous;—yes, dearest, jealous!

Clem. 'Twas jealousy then, Edward, which made you so unkind! Well, then, I can forgive *that*.

Edw. Nothing but jealousy, dearest! I cannot help, at times, representing you surrounded by noble admirers,—all of them suing to you,—not for yourself, but for your money,—tempting you with their rank;—and it makes me jealous, horribly jealous! I cannot compete with lords, Clementina,—a poor barrister without a brief.

Clem. I loved you for yourself, Edward. I trust you have done the same toward me.

Edw. Yes; upon my soul, my Clementina!

Clem. Then my uncle's disposition of his property will make no difference in me. For your sake, my dear Edward, I hope he will not forget me. What's that? Mrs. Jellybags is coming out of the room. Haste, Edward;—you must not be seen here. Away, dearest!—and may heaven bless you!

Edw. (*kisses her hand.*) Heaven preserve my adored, my matchless, ever-to-be-loved Clementina! [*Exeunt separately.*

SCENE II.—*The sick room*—MR. CADAVEROUS, *lying on a sofa-bed*—MR. SEEDY, *the lawyer, sitting by his side, with papers on the table before him.*

Seedy. I believe now, sir, that everything is arranged in your will according to your instructions. Shall I read it over again; for although signed and witnessed, you may make any alteration you please by a codicil.

Cad. No, no. You have read it twice, Mr. Seedy, and you may leave me now. I am ill, very ill, and wish to be alone.

Seedy (*folds up his papers and rises*). I take my leave, Mr. Cadaverous, trusting to be long employed as your solicitor.

Cad. Afraid not, Mr. Seedy. Lawyers have no great interest in heaven. Your being my solicitor will not help me there.

Seedy. (*coming forward as he goes out*). Not a sixpence to his legal adviser! Well, well! I know how to make out a bill for the executors. [*Exit* SEEDY, *and enter* MRS. JELLYBAGS.

Jel. (*with her handkerchief up to her eyes.*) Oh dear! oh dear! oh, Mr. Cadaverous, how can you fatigue and annoy yourself with such things as wills?

Cad. (*faintly.*) Don't cry Mrs. Jellybags. I've not forgotten you.

Jel. (*sobbing.*) I can't—help—crying. And there's Miss Clementina,—now that you are dying,—who insists upon coming in to see you.

Cad. Clementina, my niece! let her come in, Mrs. Jellybags; I feel I am going fast,—I may as well take leave of everybody.

Jel. (*sobbing.*) Oh dear! oh dear! You may come in, Miss.

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clem. My dear uncle, why have you for so many days refused me admittance! Every morning have I asked to be allowed to come and nurse you, and for more than three weeks have received a positive refusal.

Cad. Refusal! Why I never had a message from you.

Clem. No message! Every day I have sent, and every day did Mrs. Jellybags reply that you would not see me.

Cad. (*faintly.*) Mrs. Jellybags—Mrs. Jellybags——

Clem. Yes, uncle; it is true as I stand here;—and my brother Thomas has called almost every day, and John every Sunday, the only day that he can leave the banking-house; and cousins William and James have both been here very often.

Cad. Nobody told me! I thought every one had forgotten me. Why was I not informed, Mrs. Jellybags!

Jel. (*in a rage.*) Why, you little story-telling creature, coming here to impose upon your good uncle! You know that no one has been here—not a soul;—and as for yourself, you have been too busy looking after a certain gentleman ever to think of your poor uncle, that you have—taking advantage of his illness to behave in so indecorous a manner. I would have told him everything, but I was afraid of making him worse.

Clem. You are a false, wicked woman!

Jel. Little, impudent creature,—trying to make mischief between me and my kind master, but it won't do. (*To* CLEMENTINA *aside.*) The will is signed, and I'll take care he does not alter it; so do your worst.

Cad. (*faintly.*) Give me the mixture, Mrs. ——

Clem. I will, dear uncle. (*Pours out the restorative mixture in a glass.*]

Jel. (*going back.*) You will, Miss, indeed! but you shan't.

Clem. Be quiet, Mrs. Jellybags; allow me at least to do something for my poor uncle.

Cad. Give me the mix——

Jel. (*prevents* CLEMENTINA *from giving it, and tries to take it from her.*) You shan't, Miss!—You never shall.

Cad. Give me the——

(Mrs. JELLYBAGS *and* CLEMENTINA *scuffle, at last* CLEMENTINA *throws the contents of the glass into* MRS. JELLYBAG'S *face.*)

Clem. There, then! since you will have it.

Jel. (*in a rage.*) You little minx! I'll be revenged for that. Wait a little till the will is read—that's all! See if I don't bundle you out of doors—that I will.

Clem. As you please, Mrs. Jellybags; but, pray, give my poor uncle his restorative mixture.

Jel. To please you! Not I! I'll not give him a drop till I think proper. Little, infamous, good-for-nothing——

Cad. Give me—oh!

Jel. Saucy—man-seeking——

Clem. Oh! as for that, Mrs. Jellybags, the big sergeant was here last night—I know that. Talk of men, indeed!

Jel. Very well, Miss! very well! Stop till the breath is out of your uncle's body; and I'll beat you till yours is also.

Cad. Give——oh!

Clem. My poor uncle! He will have no help till I leave the room—I must go. Infamous woman! *Exit.*

Cad. Oh!

Jel. I'm in a such a rage! I could tear her to pieces!—the little—the gnat! Oh! I'll be revenged! Stop till the will is read, and then I'll turn her out into the streets to starve. Yes! yes! the will—the will! (*Pauses and pants for breath.*) Now, I recollect the old fellow called for his mixture. I must go and get some more. I'll teach her to throw physick in my face.

(*Goes out and returns with a phial—pours out a portion and goes up to* MR. CADAVEROUS.)

Jel. Here, my dear Mr. Cadaverous. Mercy on me! Mr. Cadaverous!—why, he's fainted!—Mr. Cadaverous! (*Screams.*) Lord help us!—why, he's dead! Well, now, this sort of thing does give one a shock, even when one has longed for it. Yes, he's quite dead! (*Coming forward.*) So there's an end of all his troubles—and, thank heaven! of mine also. Now for Sergeant-Major O'Callaghan, and—love! Now for Miss Clementina, and—revenge! But first the will!—the will!

(*Curtain drops—End of Act II.*)

ACT III.

MRS. JELLYBAGS.

Oh, dear! this is a very long morning. I feel such suspense—such anxiety; and poor Sergeant-Major O'Callaghan is quite in a perspiration! He is drinking and smoking down in the kitchen to pass away the time, and if the lawyer don't come soon, the dear man will be quite fuddled. He talks of buying a farm in the country. Well, we shall see; but if the Sergeant thinks that he will make ducks and drakes of my money, he is mistaken. I have not been three times a widow for nothing—I will have it all settled upon myself; that must and shall be, or else—no Sergeant for me!

(*Enter* CLEMENTINA.)

So, here you are, Miss. Well, we'll wait till the will is read, and then we shall see who is mistress here.

Clem. I am as anxious as you, Mrs. Jellybags. You may have wheedled my poor uncle to make the will in your favor; if so, depend upon it, I shall expect nothing from your hands.

Jel. I should rather think not, Miss. If I recollect right, you threw the carminative mixture in my face.

Clem. And made you blush for the first time in your life.

Jel. I shall not blush to slam the door in your face.

Clem. Rather than be indebted to you, I would beg my bread from door to door.

Jel. I expect you very soon will.

(*Enter* EDWARD.)

Edw. My dearest Clementina, I have come to support you on this trying occasion.

Jel. And ascertain how matters stand, before you decide upon marrying, I presume, Mr. Edward.

Edw. Madam, I am above all pecuniary considerations.

Jel. So everybody says when they think themselves sure of money.

Edw. You judge of others by yourself.

Jel. Perhaps I do—I certainly do expect to be rewarded for my long and faithful services.

Clem. Do not waste words upon her, my dear.

Edw. You have my solemn promise, nothing shall change my feelings towards you.

Jel. That may be; but did it never occur to you, Miss, that the gentleman's feelings might alter?

Edw. Detestable wretch!

[*Hands* CLEMENTINA *to a chair on the right, and sits by her.*

(*Enter Nephews* JOHN, THOMAS, WILLAM *and* JAMES, *all with white pocket-handkerchiefs in their hands—they take their seats, two right and two left.*)

Jel. (*aside.*) Here they all come, like crows that smell carrion. How odious is the selfishness of this world! Here is Mr. Gumarabick. How do you do, sir! (*Curtsies with a grave air.*)

Gum. Very well, I thank you, Mrs. Jellybags. Can't say the same of all my patients. Just happened to pass by—thought I would step in and hear the will read—odd, that I should pop in at the time—very odd. Pray, may I ask, my dear Mrs. Jellybags, were you present at the making of the will?

Jel. No, my dear sir; my nerves would not permit me.

Gum. Nerves!—odd, very odd! Then you don't know how things are settled!

Jel. No more than the man in the moon, my dear sir.

Gum. Man in the moon!—odd comparison that from a woman!—very odd! Hope my chance won't prove all moonshine.

Jel. I should think not, my dear sir; but here comes Mr. Seedy, and we shall soon know all about it.

(*Enter* MR. SEEDY—MRS. JELLYBAGS, *all courtesy, waves her hand to a chair in the centre, with a table before it.* MR. SEEDY *sits down, pulls the will out of his pocket, lays it on the table, takes out his snuff-box, takes a pinch, snuffs the candles, takes his spectacles from his waistcoat pocket, puts them on, breaks the seals and bows to the company;* MRS. JELLYBAGS *has taken her seat on the left next to him, and* DR. GUMARABIC *by her side.* MRS. JELLYBAGS *sobs very loud, with her handkerchief to her face.*

Seedy. Silence, if you please.

(MRS. JELLYBAGS *stops sobbing immediately.*)

Edw. (*putting his arm round* CLEMENTINA'S *waist.*) My dearest Clementina!

(MR. SEEDY *hems twice, and then reads.*)

"Last Will and Testament of Christopher Cadaverous, Gentleman, of Copse Horton, in the County of Cumberland.

"I, Christopher Cadaverous, being at this time in sound mind, do hereby make my last will and testament.

"First, I pray that I may be forgiven all my manifold sins and wickedness, and I do beg forgiveness of all those whom I may have injured unintentionally or otherwise; at the same time do pardon all those who may have done me wrong, even to John Jones, the turnpike man, who unjustly made me pay the threepenny toll twice over on Easter last, when I went up to receive my dividends.

"My property, personal and real, I devise to my two friends Solomon Lazarus, residing at number three, Lower Thames-street, and Hezekiah Flint, residing at number sixteen, Lothbury, to have and to hold for the following uses and purposes:

"First, to my dearly-beloved niece, Clementina Montagu, I leave the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, three and a half per cent. consols, for her sole use and benefit, to be made over to her, both principal and interest, on the day of her marriage.

(EDWARD *withdraws his arm from* CLEMENTINA'S *waist—turns half round from her, and falls back in his chair with a* pish!)

"To my nephew, Thomas Montagu, I leave the sum of nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence—having deducted the other sixpence to avoid the legacy-duty.

(THOMAS *turns from the lawyer with his face to the front of the stage, crossing his legs.*)

"To my nephew, John Montagu, I leave the sum of nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence.

(JOHN *turns away in the same manner.*)

"To my nephew, once removed, James Sterling, I leave the sum of five pounds to purchase a suit of mourning.

(JAMES *turns away as the others.*)

"To my nephew, once removed, William Sterling, I also leave the sum of five pounds to purchase a suit of mourning.

(WILLIAM *turns away as the others.*)

"To my kind and affectionate housekeeper, Mrs. Martha Jellybags——"

(MRS. JELLYBAGS *sobs loudly, and cries 'Oh dear! Oh dear!'*)

Mr. Seedy. Silence, if you please. [*Reads.*

"In return for her attention to me during my illness, and her ten years' service I leave the whole of my——

(MR. SEEDY, *having come to the bottom of the page lays down the will, takes out his snuff-box, takes a pinch, snuffs the candles, and proceeds.*)

——"I leave the whole of my wardrobe, for her entire use and disposal; and also my silver watch with my key and seal hanging to it.

"And having thus provided for——"

(MRS. JELLYBAGS, *who has been listening attentively, interrupts* MR. SEEDY *in great agitation.*)

Jel. Will you be pleased to read that part over again?

Seedy. Certainly, ma'am. "I leave the whole of my wardrobe, and also my silver watch, with the key and seal hanging to it.

(MRS. JELLYBAGS *screams and falls back in a swoon on her chair—no one assists her.*)

"And having thus provided for all my relations, I do hereby devise the rest of my property to the said Solomon Lazarus and Hezekiah Flint, to have and to hold for the building and endowment of a hospital for diseases of the heart, lights, liver and spleen, as set off by the provisions in the schedule annexed to my will, as part and codicil to it."

Seedy. Would the relations like me to read the provisions?

Omnes. No! no! no!

(MR. SEEDY *is about to fold up the papers.*)

Gum. I beg your pardon, sir, but is there no other codicil?

Seedy. I beg your pardon, Mr. Gumarabic, I recollect now there is one relative to you.

Gum. (*Nods his head.*) I thought so.

(SEEDY *reads.*)

"And whereas, I consider that my apothecary, Mr. Haustus Gumarabic, hath sent in much unnecessary physick, during my long illness—it is my earnest request that my executors will not fail to tax his bill."

Gum. (*Rises and comes forward.*) Tax my bill! well, that is odd, very odd! I may as well go and look after my patients. [*Exit.*

(JAMES *and* WILLIAM *come forward.*)

James. I say Bill, how are you off for a suit of mourning?

Will. Thanky for nothing, Jem. If the old gentleman don't go to heaven until I put it on, he will be in a very bad way. Come along, it's no use staying here.

(JOHN *and* THOMAS *come forward.*)

John. I say, Tom, how are you off for nineteen pounds nineteen and six? Heh!

Thos. Let's toss and see which shall have both legacies. Here goes—heads or tails?

John. Woman for ever.

Thos. You've won, so there's an end of not only my expectations, but realities. Come along, Mrs. Jellybags must be anxious to look over her wardrobe.

John. Yes, and also the silver watch and the key and seal hanging to it. Good by, Jemmy! Ha! ha! [*Exeunt, laughing.*

Clem. For shame, John. (*Turns to* EDWARD.) My Dear Edward, do not appear so downcast. I acknowledge that I am myself much mortified and disappointed—but we must submit to circumstances. What did I tell you before this will was read!—that nothing could alter my feelings toward you, did I not?

Edw. (*With indifference.*) Yes.

Clem. Why then annoy yourself, my dear Edward?

Edw. The confounded old junks!

Clem. Nay, Edward, recollect that he is dead—I can forgive him.

Edw. But I won't. Has he not dashed my cup of bliss to the ground? Heavens! what delightful anticipations I had formed of possessing you and competence—all gone!

Clem. All gone, dear Edward!

(MRS. JELLYBAGS, *who has been sitting very still, takes her handkerchief from her eyes and listens.*

Edw. Yes, gone! gone for ever! Do you imagine, my ever dear Clementina, that I would be so base, so cruel, so regardless of you and your welfare, to entrap you into marriage with only one hundred and fifty pounds? No, no! judge me better. I sacrifice myself—my happiness—all for you!—banish myself from your dear presence, and retire to pass the remainder of my existence in misery and regret, maddened with the feeling that some happier mortal will obtain that dear hand, and will rejoice in the possession of those charms which I had too fondly, too credulously, imagined as certain to be mine.

(*Takes out his handkerchief, and covers his face;* CLEMENTINA *also puts her handkerchief to her face and weeps.* MRS. JELLYBAGS *nods her head ironically.*)

Clem. Edward!

Edw. My dear, dear Clementina!

Clem. You won't have me!

Edw. My honour forbids it. If you knew my feelings—how this poor heart is racked!

Clem. Don't leave me, Edward. Did you not say that for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse, you would be mine, till death did us part?

Edw. Did I?

Clem. You know you did, Edward.

Edw. It's astonishing how much nonsense we talk when in love. My dearest Clementina, let us be rational. We are almost without a sixpence. There is an old adage, that, when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window. Shall I then make you miserable! No, no! Hear me, Clementina. I will be generous. I now absolve you from all your vows. You are free. Should the time ever come that prosperity shine upon me, and I find that I have sufficient for both of us, of that dross which I despise, then will I return, and should my Clementina not have entered into any other engagement, throw my fortune and my person at her feet. Till then, dearest Clementina, farewell!

Clem. (*Sinking into a chair sobbing.*) Cruel Edward! Oh, my heart will break!

Edw. I can bear it myself no longer. Farewell! farewell! [*Exit.*

Jel. (*Coming forward.*) Well, this is some comfort. (*To* CLEMENTINA.) Did not I tell you, Miss, that if you did not change your mind, others might?

Clem. Leave me, leave me.

Jel. No, I shan't; I have as good a right here as you, at all events. I shall stay, Miss.

Clem. (*rising.*) Stay then—but I shall not. Oh, Edward! Edward! [*Exit, weeping.*

Jel. [*alone.*] Well, I really thought I should have burst—to be forced not to allow people to suppose that I cared, when I should like to tear the old wretch out of his coffin to beat him. *His* wardrobe! If people knew his wardrobe as well as I do, who have been patching at it these last ten years—not a shirt or a stocking would fetch sixpence! and as for his other garments, why, a Jew would hardly put them into his bag! [*Crying.*] Oh dear! oh dear! After all, I'm just like Miss Clementina; for Sergeant O'Callaghan, when he knows all this, will as surely walk off without beat of drum, as did Mr. Edward—and that too with all the money I have lent him. Oh these men! these men! whether they are living or dying there *is nothing in them* but treachery and disappointment! When they pretend to be in love, they only are trying for your money, and e'en when they make their wills, they leave to those behind them nothing but *ill-will!*

(*Exit, crying off the stage, as the curtain falls.*

ORIGINAL PARODIES.

SONGS FOR THE TIMES AND SEASONS.

I.

COMING THROUGH BROADWAY

AIR—"*Coming through the rye.*"

If a body meet a body,
Coming through Broadway.
If a body dun a body,
Need a body pay!
Every body owes a body—
Ne'er a one can pay,
The sheriff has an eye on me,
Coming through Broadway!

If a body meet a body
Coming to his door,
If the body owe that body,
Need he tarry more?
Every body owes a body,
Well, why should not I?
But for a *run* I am prepared,
So, Sheriff Lowndes, good-by!

II.

YE BANKS SO BRAVE!

AIR—"*Ye banks and braes.*"

Ye banks so brave, in Wall-street's pride,
How can ye tower so tall and fair?
How can ye smile, ye banking men,
And I so weary, full of care?
Thou break'st my heart, thou broker's desk,
With gold and silver heaped in scorn;
Thou mind'st me of departed cash
Departed—never to return!

Oft have I roved, in Wall-street's pride,
To see the gold and silver shine,
And ilka fool bragged of his luck,
And fondly sae did I of mine?
Wi' lightsome heart I bought up stock,
Which seemed a glorious "spec" to be—
And the sly broker fobbed my cash—
But, ah! he left the stock with me!

III

BILLY VITE!

AIR—"*When William Tell was doomed to die.*"

When Billy Vite was doom'd to fly,
To borrow cash "to pay my note!" he said,
St. Paul's clock toll'd, the hour was nigh,
As off he flew with grief, with grief and dread!
And now each doubting friend his grief partakes—
For they sigh,
And wildly cry—
"Poor Billy Vite,
"Poor Billy Vite,
"How hard the thing he takes!
"Poor Billy Vite!"

At length was raised the needful sum!
And to the bank he quickly flies!
Poor Billy thought his hour had come,
For all shrick out, "his credit dies!"
At length the cash like musick sounds!
The note is paid! and Bill is free!
Into his counting-house he bounds,
Inspired by faith and liberty!
And now each trusting friend his joy, his joy partakes;
"Live Billy Vite!
"Live Billy Vite!"
Who bank-notes bring,
While they sing,
"All trust Billy Vite,
"Who shins but never breaks!
"All trust Billy Vite!
"Who shins but never breaks!
"All trust Billy Vite,
"Who *s-h-i-n-s*, but never breaks!"

IV.

THE MERCHANT'S NOTE

AIR—"*The Minstrel Boy.*"

The merchant's note from the bank has gone;
In the protest-rack you'll find it;
His father's name is endorsed thereon,
And his uncle's close behind it.
"Oh, discount-board!" he had said sublime,
"Though all the world betray thee,
One note shall be taken up in time,
One faithful check shall pay thee!"

The merchant failed—but the bailiff's claw
Could not bring that proud soul under,
For he snatched the note from the man of law,
And tore that note asunder!
And he said, "Thou shalt not have thy fee,
Thou soul of dirt and knavery!"
And off he ran—to set Texas *free*,
And defend her rights to—SLAVERY!

MISCELLANY.

SQUIBS, SCISSORS-WORK AND SCRIBBLINGS.

Spanish girls at treveno.—Whenever I was on a picquet at the hill top, I used to pass the time in observing the movement of the peasant girls employed in carrying up hods of mortar to the redoubt. None were above twenty years of age, and several of them strikingly handsome, with fine olive carnation complexions and large sparkling eyes, shaded by long, dark, and pencilled eyebrows. It certainly moved my heart to compassion to see them filling the hods with their delicate fingers, and toiling up the steep ascent with a slow but elastick step. Nevertheless, they appeared to work, and, aware of the fruitlessness of all resistance, submitted to it with the greatest cheerfulness, ever and anon startling the mountain echoes with peals of merry laughter. Sometimes one would pause, and, resting the hod on her knee, and looking up with an air of good-humoured vexation, say, "Mucha trabajo, pobrecita," (much work, poor little thing,) until disturbed by the clamorous demand of the Spanish sergeant for barro, barro, (mortar.) Occasionally, after emptying their hods, two or three gathered together in a knot, gossipping with one another, or with the Spanish soldiers at work, and on the first approach of the sergeant, would start off to their duty with the speed of lightning, joking him on his severity as they passed. At sunset, when the bugle from town sounded a cessation from labour, the signal was hailed with wild shouts of delight, that mocked the clearness of the notes floating up the valley: and, throwing aside their implements, they darted down the mountain-side with screams of laughter, playing such joyous gambols by the way as were a pleasure to behold.—*Twelve months in the British Legion.*

Beauties of creation.—When we sit at an open window in the still of the afternoon, and look out upon the fragrant lilachs, the blossoming trees, the clambering honeysuckles, the long green grass, half burying the bashful violet from our view, and hear the singing of the joyous birds near at hand, and the roar of the city afar off, we can hardly persuade ourself that there is such a strife and bickering among the inhabitants of this fair earth. O, ungrateful, after all that heaven has done! Was this harmonious scene spoken into existence, this perfect world created thus, and covered with all that is lovely and sweet, to be made the arena of unnatural contention? Was such perfect order established in the creation that its noblest tenants should continually jostle each other during their stay with the fair works of God? Bright red rose, that inclines toward me on thy deep-green stem, thy fragrance is an offering of mercy from the hand of thy Creator. I see nothing in thee that speaks of wrath, of revenge, or of envy. Pure and innocent, there is a harmlessness in the very look which thou wearest. Thou speakest not of care, of sorrow, or of strife. Why art thou left joyous and without blemish, while man is but a guilty mourner on the face of the earth, subject to grief, and disappointment, and corruption? Were the flowers of Eden fairer than thou? Alas! even they proved as fragile. But, though dead, and in decay, thy perfume is never lost. The man who loves not flowers must have a bad heart; and the reason that women love them so, is because they are the connecting link between men and angels.

Indian marriage promise.—A young Indian failing in his attentions to a young squaw, she made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing, or trial. The lady laid her case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made her. In consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, many little "undefinable attentions" and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions" in toto. He had visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt: and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence the young squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "A yellow feather, a brooch that was dangling from his nose, and a dozen koon skins." The sentence was no sooner concluded than the squaw sprung upon her feet, and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy, "now me be ready for another sweetheart."

Catching a hat.—There are few moments in a man's existence when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat. A vast deal of coolness, and a peculiar degree of judgment are requisite in catching a hat. A man must not be precipitate, or he runs over it; he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. The best way is to keep gently up with the object of pursuit, to be wary and cautious, to watch your opportunity well, get gradually before it, then make a rapid dive---seize it by the crown, and stick it firmly on your head, smile pleasantly all the time, as if you thought it as good a joke as anybody else.---*New-York Gazette.*

Mrs. Peter Jones.—Most of the readers of the publick prints probably recollect the publication of a romantick story of a young lady of London, possessed of wealth and great personal beauty, who, two or three years ago, became enamoured of Peter Jones, a Seneca Indian, a missionary, and married him, in despite of the remonstrances of friends and the scandal of the world. Mrs. Jones migrated to the west soon after her marriage with her aboriginal lord; but, at last, having become disgusted with the life he led her, she secretly abdicated his wigwam, and returned to England in the packet of the sixteenth of May.---*Baltimore Chronicle.*

The queen that is to be.---Victoria is in her eighteenth year; in the bud of womanhood---beautiful in person, and brilliant in intellect. Her uncle, the king, is far advanced in years, and the princess, in all probability, will soon wield the destinies of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Victoria upon the throne of Britain, Donna Maria upon that of Portugal, with Isabella of Naples, would form a new era in the courts of Europe, reminding us of the days when the Catharines and Elizabeths governed the people of their charge as well and wisely as the ablest monarchs of the world.---*New-York News.*

"The wheel of fortune."—The celebrated Jacob Barker, for many years a merchant and banker of the city of New-York, now resides in the city of New-Orleans, where he follows the practice of the law. Mr. Barker is a native of Nantucket, and for a long time was a sailor.

The sum total.---The editor of the Boston Advocate says of the present state of things, "All the world owes all the world more than all the world are worth, and all the world call upon all the world to pay. All the world, therefore, are in reality worth just as much actual wealth as they were before all the world failed."

Female fortitude.---Much has been said and written about the superiority of women in their power of patient endurance; but few persons have added the just, though melancholy reflection, that the power of endurance in women is but the faithful measure of how much they have to endure.

Edwin Forrest.—The life of this tragedian by one who has known him long and intimately from his infancy, and who is perfectly competent to do him and the publick justice, is now in the press, and will shortly be published.

Madame Vestris—Having signed a number of blank acceptances, has become bankrupt. She is now performing at the Olympick Theatre, London, for the benefit of her creditors.

Literary property.---Mr. Hood, in an article of singular humour, states that the phrase "*republick* of letters," was hit upon to insinuate that, taking the whole lot of authors together, they have not got a *sovereign* among them.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

With the next impression of the Mirror will be issued the most highly-finished engraving on wood ever executed in the United States. It is by Adams, *from a painting by* Chapman. *The cost of this magnificent picture will exceed five hundred dollars, which is the largest sum yet paid in this country by any work, periodical, or otherwise, for an embellishment of this description. We feel sure this evidence on our part to encourage American artists, will be appreciated by our numerous readers and friends. The number will also contain the following* original *contributions, viz.:*

1. "Legend of the Sacred Bell," by Captain Marryat.
2. "A Sonnet," by H. F. Chorley.
3. "Pasquali, the Tailor," by N. P. Willis.
4. "The Ivy," by William Cox.
5. "The Spirit's Destiny," by Grenville Mellen.
6. "The Sacrifice of the White Dog," by Samuel L. Knapp.
7. "A Plot for a Farce," by John Inman.
8. "The Last Arrow," by C. F. Hoffman.
9. "A Ballad," *the words by* James Sheridan Knowles, *the musick composed by* T. Comer.

We shall commence the next volume of the Mirror under new auspices, and with a renewed determination on the part of the proprietor, that no weekly periodical shall exceed the Mirror in the value, variety, or interest of its literary contents, *the exactness of its* embellishments, *the popularity of its* musick, *or the beauty of its* typography. *It is our aim to render this publication an ornament to the periodical literature of the country; a "reflector of bright thoughts and sparkling fancies;" a* Mirror, *which, like the fabled one in the Scandinavian legend, will reflect not only "each high imagining of sage and minstrel," but give back from its polished surface "all those gossamer fantasies that maiden's wit delighteth in;" a Mirror that may not less enchant our gentle countrywomen, than did its namesake steal the hearts of each fair-haired daughter in the halls of Odin.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1837.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

The greatest favour that a subscriber can possibly confer on a work is to pay for it promptly. Will such as are in arrears be kind enough to forward us the amount due the establishment?

Atmospherick influences.—Men are the creatures of sympathy and imagination, and though

"The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses,"

it is not less the medium through which our more sombre feelings and fancies are half the time communicated. There is a story of a late German traveller who, stopping at the house of a friend already crowded with guests, a haunted chamber was alone left vacant; and this, one of the most beautiful chambers of the chateau, was assigned him for his lodging apartment. Scarcely had he laid himself down before he seemed to feel as if he were taken up from his bed and carried about the chamber hither and thither. At one time he found himself upon the bed; at another, beneath it; now he was near the door or the windows; now in the midst of an enormous fire-chimney; at the same time there was not light enough to enable M. P— to distinguish clearly every object in the room. It was not an illusion; he felt the movement, he recognized every place in the chamber. The next morning he appeared at the breakfast-table, pale and wan as after a night without sleep; but from a natural delicacy, he gave only evasive answers to the questions of his host. The second night brought the same apparitions, and the next day he was more pale and cast down than before, but still came to no explanation. The third night was like the first; and his livid cheeks and sunken eye excited the next morning uneasiness in the family. The baron took M. P— aside, and urged him to tell him frankly if he had not experienced something disagreeable in his sleeping-chamber. Then the latter related all that had occurred, and the baron confessed that for a long time this chamber had been closed, that no one would occupy it, and that domesticks dared not go there. After this explanation, M. P— requested permission to examine the premises. He found that the chimney of the house was closed up from within, so that all air was excluded; the windows beside were always kept shut, and the doors were scarcely ever open; he remarked also that the chamber was situated in a wing of the building, and surmounted by a roof through which there was no perceptible opening. He concluded that the mephitick gas inclosed within the garret had penetrated the room through some old wainscetting; there the air became corrupted, and with nothing to renovate it, the brain was affected by it in such a way as to excite a momentary delirium, which presented to the imagination these nocturnal views. M. P— made a report upon his observations, and set himself to work to remedy the evil. The windows were opened; a current of air was established between the room and the chimney-way; and an opening made through the roof. The air which came through the aperture was of a quality so mephitick, that one of the workmen was taken sick, and would have fallen had it not been for the aid of his companion. The story concludes by saying that M. P— occupied the chamber that very night, and slept as soundly as a real estate speculator who has cleared off the last of his responsibilities. Now who can doubt but that there have been thousands among us subjected to similar atmospherick influences as those which so played the mischief with Mynheer P—. The German sufferer indeed was only transported about the room in imagination, but we have traversed over the whole world of speculation. We have roamed from city to city, when he only went from the door to the window: we have sat down in palaces, and reposed on couches far less real than the Gothick architecture which frowned over his enchanted bed. Can any one doubt, then, but that we have suffered from a delirium as actual as that which played such tricks with the fancy of the cool and sagacious German? We have lived in an atmosphere which required purification as much as that of his haunted apartment. A base and sordid spirit was taking possession of the chambers of our hearts, and frightening thence each generous and gentle guest that might once have tenanted them. Let us blame not, then, the blast of misfortune—though it be, indeed, "a nipping and an eager air"—which shall dispel the mephitick vapour that has so long poisoned our senses. General suffering begets general sympathy; benevolence, when once warmed into existence by mutual offices of kindness, will engender better tastes and feelings, and become not less atmospherick in its influence than the grasping avarice which of late years has raged like a moral epidemick among the American people.

Literary.—We learn that Mr. Cooper's new work will soon be issued. It is called "England: with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis." We hope to give a short chapter in an early number. It is in the press of Carey, Lee and Blanchard, who will soon issue the third part of Lockhart's Life of Scott, which will complete their first volume: the second and concluding volume contains parts four, five and six, and will follow from the same press in quick succession.

Division of time—Is the grand secret of successful industry. Lockhart, in his life of Scott, shows how effectually the illustrious subject of his memoir found opportunity for unequalled literary labour, even while enjoying all the amusements of a man of leisure. "Sir Walter rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation—for," says his biographer, "he was a very martinet as to all but the mere excombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those 'bed-gown and slipper tricks,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough, (in his own language,) 'to break the neck of the day's work.' After breakfast a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.' When the weather was bad, he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over-night, he was ready to start on it by ten: his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness."

Travellers in the East.—A morning paper, while speaking in complimentary phrase of Mr. Stephen's "Incidents of Travel," observes—"our surprise is that the writer, who seems not to be without cleverness, has not made a better book out of such magnificent materials. But the book, if not what Chateaubriand or Lamartine would have created, is of great credit to the brave traveller." Doctors will differ! Now, under favour, we think our countryman's a better book of travels than either of these distinguished Parisians would have "*created* out of such magnificent materials." They have both written charming *romances* about similar scenes; but as a work of fair and genuine interest—a work which describes grand objects with the simplicity which becomes such themes—in short, as an honest, unaffected, *bona-fide* book of Travels, we much prefer that of Mr. Stephens's to the rhapsodical narratives of either of the gifted Frenchmen.

Stable economy.—Goat's milk, which in some countries is preferred to that of cows, induces the inhabitants to keep herds of this hardy animal, whose meat, skins and hair are all likewise turned to account. In these days of high-steam pressure, when a horse eats his head off in two months, a still farther use is found for what Shakspeare once called

"The damned and luxurious mountain goat."

The Whitehallers were amused the other day by seeing a splendid wagon drawn by two goats in full harness, driven by a gentleman who crossed to Long Island in the South Ferry-boat. The goats were very gentle, and seemed to be proud of their occupation; and, if generally used, will be a great saving, as fifty goats will not consume half as much as one horse in a day.

Letter writing.—Who hath not suffered from an epistolary incubus—a conscious conviction that certain letters must be written within a certain time, which time, like the season of repentance, the weak and failing heart still defers till the morrow; grieving over the *lockes* it hath not courage enough to amend. Let all such recreants take a lesson from one who, in addition to all his other labours, accomplished as much as a letter writer as any man of the age. It was a rule with Sir Walter Scott, that every letter he received should be answered that same day. Nothing else could have enabled him to keep abreast with the flood of communications that in the sequel put his good nature to the severest test—but he included attention to them among the necessary business which must be despatched before he had a right to close his writing-box, or, as he phrased it, "to say, *out damned spot*, and be a gentleman." "In turning over his enormous mass of correspondence," says Mr. Lockhart, "I have almost invariably found some indication that, when a letter had remained more than a day or two unanswered, it had been so because he found occasion for inquiry or deliberate consideration."

Publick Squares.—We are glad to find the Mayor recommending the appropriation of more unoccupied grounds, which can now be got at easy prices in the suburbs of the city, for publick squares. Why not fix upon some where the trees are still standing, and thus retain a forest growth which it would take half a century to supply? We still continue to receive communications regarding one point in particular, which is not over-estimated by the writer of the following:

"I was exceedingly glad to read several recommendations in the Mirror for a new publick place at the conjunction of Fourteenth-street and the Tenth Avenue. Being only an occasional visiter to the city of New-York, both its improvements and its capabilities of improvement, strike me more, perhaps, than they would a resident. I alway, when coming to town, explore your American Babylon, to see what changes have been made since my last visit; and frequently in these periodical prowls, I have found myself almost unawares at that turn of the island which commands the beautiful view of the bay you describe. In my opinion, the site is not only equal but superiour to the Battery, for a publick place of the same kind; and I marvel much that the holders of property in the neighbourhood do not bestir themselves at once, and have the spot secured for its only legitimate use, before some other appropriation shall be made of the ground. Rospes."

Astor House, June 20.

"Mr. Editor—The remarks of your correspondent H., in a late number of the Mirror, having reference to a plan of improving Fourteenth-street, and making appropriations for squares at both ends, meets my hearty concurrence; and I feel persuaded that every person who will be at the trouble to examine the ground, will yield his cheerful assent to the proposition. In addition to many other recommendations, it is indisputably true that it passes over the best ground on the island; and from its position and other advantages, the indications are sufficiently clear, that it will be the only cross avenue that ever can become a fashionable and pleasant promenade. The motives, therefore, for bestowing upon it rich and costly embellishments, carry with them their own evidence of fitness and propriety. I cannot but persuade myself that the Common Council will not permit a matter having such pressing claims to consideration, to be consigned to neglect or forgetfulness; for it could not fail hereafter to lead to bitter reflections, as it certainly would be derogatory to the character of our rulers. My chief object, however, is to suggest an improvement which your correspondent has overlooked. It will be seen that the point at the junction of Broadway and Fourteenth-street, projects in an awkward manner, forming an ante-angle, and which will, if allowed to remain, be an everlasting eye-sore, and for ever disfigure a spot of unsurpassed beauty. A considerable portion of this point, therefore, ought to be cut off, extending quite to Thirteenth-street, and thrown into the open space. By this means the view of Union Place and the Fourth Avenue would be greatly improved, at the same time that it would give to the block three sides of a square, in place of having the present diagonal front on Broadway. The houses hereafter to be built upon it would then have the advantage of square fronts instead of a permanently odious feature, that of being angular.

Much is expected from our new Common Council; nor have we any just grounds for apprehending disappointment. The Mayor has given sufficient pledges that he will be swayed by neither fear nor favour. The citizens may consequently expect a system of enlightened and independent policy, such as will exalt the reputation of the city, and be eminently calculated to promote its choicest interests. W."

Captain Marryat's Charade.—It was the intention of the writer that this sketch should appear in the Mirror before the New Monthly could reach this country, Captain Marryat having given us the manuscript for that purpose; but the late short passages of the packets has prevented us from placing it under our original articles. Our thanks are due to the editor of the Albion for his courtesy in waving his opportunity to copy it before it could find its way into the Mirror.

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